

The
**Missionary
Helper**



PUBLISHED
MONTHLY
BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY



June * 1885



PROVIDENCE R.I.

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The Missionary Helper

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S * MISSIONARY * SOCIETY.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1885.

No. 6.

MANY of the Yearly Meetings are just at hand. What an opportunity for soul refreshment they afford! All who possibly can, will no doubt attend these annual gatherings. Will the review of the year which shall then close be encouraging, and the plans now to be formed, broad and expressive of a purpose strong to do and to bear? Interchange of thought in regard to the progress of Christ's kingdom is stimulating, and in many ways helpful.

Though there has been, and still is, depression of business interests the work to which we are commissioned and our pledge is given, must not suffer loss. The bringing of more to active sympathy with the cause, and the scattering of information by paper, address, and leaflet, should receive thoughtful care. But constantly we need to remember that the words of the Lord are: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit," and that fruitfulness in the kingdom of grace results from being led by the Holy Spirit.

Is the world growing worse is a question which comes with perplexing force to the mind oftentimes. The *Indian Witness*, in an article full of hopefulness, says that the

very prosperity of the age makes it possible to spread many forms of evil, even before every man's door, and so the facilities for increasing vice are alarmingly multiplied. But as rapidly as the hosts of the prince of this world increase, the armies of the Prince of the house of David increase more rapidly still. It continues :

"We are accustomed to think of Christianity in India as weak in our day ; but we forget that there are probably more evangelical preachers here alone to-day, than there were in the United Kingdom and the United States at the beginning of the last century. The preachers of an evangelical gospel are counted by thousands in lands where not one was found a few generations ago. Steadily the kingdom of Christ makes headway among men, and wonderfully do all manner of appliances for the work of the church increase and multiply. The press is a mighty power for good, as well as for evil, and is destined to be used more and more in spreading God's truth to the ends of the earth. Doors are opening, nations are awaking, and the Church of Christ is marching forward in a career of victory such as has never been witnessed in any past age."

SOME one, reading Miss Phillips' suggestions in the May number, has the thought come to her that if anybody has English books, or pins, or thimbles to send to India, they had better send them, for how are the dear missionaries to get the money with which to buy them, even if they are cheaper there than here. Let us send needles and thimbles, and help make useful women in India. The busiest life is the happiest life, whether in America or in heathen lands.

"Oh, tell me not that "Happy Land" lies *distant*;
That *far away* from time's receding shore
Are built the heavenly mansions — home eternal,
Of loved ones gone before.

"Tis sweeter far to think that death's cold river
Is but a *narrow* stream, whose swelling tide,
Though deep and dark to us, with golden shimmer,
Breaks on the heavenly side."

Who is My Neighbor?

[BY MRS. E. L. MARSHALL.]

THIS question was asked 1800 years ago, by the lawyer of our Saviour, and in reply Jesus relates to him the parable of the good Samaritan, and asks in turn, "which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? The lawyer very truly replied, "he that showed mercy on him." So far as we can learn from the parable, Christ did not intend to convey the thought, that he who had fallen among thieves on his journey was one who had lived in the next house to the good Samaritan; he was no old acquaintance, he was evidently an utter stranger, one whom the Samaritan had never before seen, yet the fact of his need was enough to call forth his sympathy and neighborly kindness. He did not stop to say "charity must begin at home," and pass on, forgetting, perhaps, to do it even *at* home. He did not say, this man lives a great way from my home, and if I give him money I shall never know that he uses it properly. He did not, after being pressed to do so, stingily hand out as small a sum as he dared. He did *more* than mere money could have done for him then, he bound up his wounds, and, denying himself the comfort of riding, set the poor man upon his own beast, and leaving him at the inn, did not even then forget him. This, then, is what Christ gives us as an example of a neighborly act,—simply treating one in need the same as we ourselves would wish to be treated in like circumstances.

One of the greatest hindrances at the present time, to a lively interest in mission work, is the lack of this neighborly feeling. Those for whom we work are so very far removed from us. We are not personally acquainted with them, and what little we *do* read is hard to realize to be actual facts. It does not seem possible that our money could reach them safely, it will either be lost on the way, or misappropriated by those through whose hands it must pass—as though there were not others as honest as ourselves in this world. It is always easy to find pretexts for neglecting a duty we are not inclined to do. Mere distance, and ignorance of the actual needs of those who perish for the knowledge of God's word, can never, before God, excuse us from doing by them as we,

in the same circumstances, would wish to be done by. We might, with the little knowledge we have, without any further investigation, do as the priest and Levite of old, pass by on the other side, but we cannot act the neighborly part and do so. The fact that we have a knowledge of God and His goodness, which makes this life a constant joy, and gives us a *sure* hope for the next, and that there are millions who have it not, and are perishing for the want of it, is reason enough to make it our imperative duty to do all in our power that they may no longer remain in such ignorance. They are as much our neighbors as any.

Christ commands us to love our neighbors *as ourselves*. Does the spasmodic giving of any moderate sums, sums that cost no self-denial, fulfill our duty to them? Is this all we would demand of them were our places changed? Having given this sum, are we to relapse into forgetfulness, and never concern ourselves as to their further needs? Or shall we, as did the good Samaritan, give what present wants demand, and then carefully interest ourselves for the future? Can it be possible that we love those brothers and sisters of ours, for whom Christ as surely died as he did for us, and yet allow ourselves to go almost entirely uninformed as to their conditions? Secular papers we *must* have; let us feel the same necessity with regard to missionary intelligence. Is it not our *duty* since so many ways are open, to know their circumstances and needs? We could never allow ourselves to remain in ignorance of the bodily sufferings of one of our own flesh and blood, yet they suffer from a need infinitely *greater*, a spiritual.

Could we only stop for one moment and consider what our lives would be with God taken out of them, we could then get some just conception of what our duty now is to those who know not God. Where would be our almshouses, insane asylums, orphanages, numberless benevolent institutions, always ready to reach out a helping hand to those overtaken by misfortune? Was ever an orphanage known among the heathen? Where would be the tender sympathy always shown when death enters a home, where everything that love can prompt is done, were it not for the benign influence of the gospel?

Come with me, if you will for a few moments, and take your stand by a river crossing, in far away India, where lies a poor woman, who has fallen ill on her journey to the great

shrine of Jagarnáth. The sickness may not have been of a dangerous kind had a single hand been raised to help her; hundreds, yes thousands, are passing her every day; and in such crowds at times, as to actually trample upon her, in their mad haste to either reach the shrine of their idol, or having visited it, to flee from the pestilence that most surely attacks the crowds at the shrine. Not one stops long enough to so much as give a cup of cold water, or speak a kind word,—rather would they avoid even touching her, should they see that death was near, for the fear of being polluted. It is left for a missionary of the Cross to step in and remove the sufferer to a safe place, and administer needed comfort. This is not all. Look a little farther: there lies a child left by father and mother to die alone. Its last words are “mother, mother,” but no loving mother is near;—instead of her tender care are jackals and vultures, ready to pounce upon their prey.

These are no overdrawn pictures of fancy, but stubborn facts. Where God is not known, that sympathy which characterizes the Christian is utterly wanting. Let the grace of God enter these same hearts so wanting in sympathy, and *then* note the change. They are another class of beings. We who enjoy all the blessings, spiritual and temporal of a Christian land, know not how to value our blessings.

Shall we do as did the priest and Levite of old, pass by on the other side? or shall we embrace the opportunity of lifting fallen humanity, and act the part of the good Samaritan? Let us as faithfully do our duty to our neighbor, separated it may be by thousands of miles, as to him who is separated by only a few steps. The one as well as the other has equally a claim upon us.

ROCHESTER, WIS.

A MISSIONARY of the Zulu Mission recently writes of a visit made to the kraal of a native Zulu in the interior of Natal, where he found twelve fine oxen which the man had received as the price of his last daughter, who was just married. The daughter had left her home, and the cattle had come to take her place. The mother of these children was very happy over the sale.

Hindu Child-Widows.

[BY MISS L. A. BALL.]

I HAVE, of course, long known that these children were objects of deep concern and sympathy among missionaries and persons interested in, and familiar with, the social life of India. But the information obtained lately by way of books and correspondence, has touched my heart to a very live pity and solicitude for them. Children robbed of childhood, youth's heritage and hope squandered at the very threshold. The sweet, sunny, trusting girlhood, in our family, social, and church life is its fragrance and grace. Imagine what even our Christian civilization, with its noblest example of manhood and womanhood, would be if it lacked the fine enthusiasm, the exalted faith, the zest of attainment, that pervades the life of a girl from twelve to eighteen years of age, when that life expands, and matures freely and naturally in a Christian atmosphere.

It would be like the loss of spring-time from the year. All seasons would suffer for it. No greater sacrilege can be committed by any people in any land, than to mar or thwart this sacred season in human life. The custom of early marriage, and the heathen idea of widowhood, do this to a great degree, and but for the divine unerring instincts, and unquenchable love of a mother for her child, which in that distorted life still find some way to evade or alleviate the cruel wrong their daughters suffer, the youth of Hindu girls would be actually obliterated. It is bad enough as it is, to make all good mothers, who feel the necessity, even here in a Christian land, of guarding their girls from much that does mar and hinder noble growth, keenly anxious to rescue the pitifully robbed and thwarted child-life of Hindu daughters.

The facts in the case are, briefly, that at the age of five years a girl is put under a rigid discipline of religious rites, the object of which is to secure for her a good husband. They are petty, degrading to the divinely bestowed instincts that would lead her to a true marriage of love. They implant that superstition which ever after controls and impoverishes her moral and intellectual life.

A boy, on the contrary, at the age of six, if in a family of easy circumstances, and good social position, enters the public school under English government control, where the

training and influences gradually and surely take him away from the idea of the home-life. By the time a boy is at a marriageable age, sixteen or seventeen years, he tolerates his former ideas as only suitable for the occupation of women.

There is small hope of companionship, or mutual happiness, in any but a very restricted way, in this relation of husband and wife, and yet the time has now come when his marriage is put into the hands of brokers, as we would entrust the sale of real estate. A suitable girl of eight or ten years of age is found, and after endless formalities, the careful investigations, deliberations, and nice weighing of all matters that would have a bearing on the happiness and prosperity of the match, that Christians might learn a lesson from, the contract of marriage is made. This is binding, legally and socially, though the actual marriage, when the wife goes to live with the husband, is not till two or three years later. It is to those who are widowed by the death of the husband during this intervening period, while the wife is yet a child, that the term child-widow applies. Now the death of the husband is counted as the curse of the wife. Her unworthiness or failure to please the gods in some way, precipitated this affliction, and she is henceforth the victim of this idea. Society will have no more to do with her. Though she live to be a hundred years old, she can hope for nothing but toleration, engage in no honorable service, share none of the consideration and esteem that upholds other women in the hardest lot. Nothing is left to her but the hope that ceaseless and extraordinary religious rites, with rigorous bodily discipline, may appease the gods and after death her condition may be mitigated. Some follow this hope in humiliation all their lives, some cannot abide by either the laws of cruel gods or cruel men, and abandon themselves to immorality.

It is true, however, that these little widows, while yet of a tender age, are not invariably treated with that rigor which is meted out to them after the twentieth year. A mother's love will often cheat her own superstition, and her tenderness toward, and protection of her widow-child, with many other redeeming features in Hindu social life, brighten it with the simple, natural joys common to humanity. But the struggle between nature and superstition is at cruel odds. Can we help them in it? If we can, dare we fail to do it?

BUFFALO, N. Y.

“Freely Ye Have Received, Freely Give.”

MATTHEW X., 8.

YEA, freely, freely, I've received
Of mercies without fee;
And now, O Lord, help me to give
That which best pleaseth Thee.

The joys of Heaven Thou didst leave
For this sin-cursed earth,—
Nor sought e'en here for wealth and ease,
But chose a lowly birth.

Thy hand was not held back from toil,
Thy life not free from care;
And trouble, too, Thou oft didst know,
Temptation oft didst bear.

Yea, all that Thou couldst do was done
To learn how mortals live,
And when the depth of woe was known,
Thou life itself didst give.

In sun and storm alike I've found
That Thou for me dost care;
And when my burdens seemed too great,
Them Thou hast helped me bear.

And now, if Thou dost ask of me,
More than has yet been thine,
Shall I withhold aught selfishly,
Or at Thy will repine?

Am I so base as to refuse
To heed when *Thou* dost call,—
Thou who hast been my friend and guide,
My life, my all in all.

Nay, Lord, forbid that I withhold
Things great or small from thee,
For, let me do the most I can,
Thou hast done more for me.

Though flesh be weak, and spirit faint,
And dark the future seem,
Do Thou with me Thy perfect will,—
Of naught else let me dream.

Then perish, thoughts of worldly gain,
And perish, hopes of fame!
Grant only, Christ, more worthiness
To bear Thy holy name.

Take all I have, take all I am,
Take all I hope to be,—
For mercies free which I've received,
I owe all this to Thee.

E.

NEW HAMPTON, N. H.

Midnapore Bible School.

EXTRACT FROM THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT.

'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.'—PSALMS XIX., 7.

THE YEAR.—It has pleased God to grant us another year for Bible study, and it has been a year of manifold mercies, for which I trust both teachers and pupils have been devoutly thankful. The health of the men has been good, and there have been fewer interruptions from fever than in previous sessions. Instead of a fortnight's vacation in June, we have had two vacations of a week each this year, one in May and the other in July. After the latter we were going on steadily with the work, hoping to close the term at the end of September, when suddenly my old foe, the fever, came upon me like a strong man armed, and fearing worse trouble might attend delay, I was compelled to drop all work and hasten to sea. The months of August and September thus brought a bad break into our school year. While I was away in Ceylon, the men were scattered throughout the mission field, as they are during the cold season, engaged in evangelistic and school work at the stations and in the country.

The care of such a school should not devolve on one man alone. In future it is to be hoped our missionary force may be stronger, and at least two men may be deputed for this department, so that should one fall ill, or for any other cause be obliged to leave his post, the other could carry on the school. It is a serious damage that such a school sustains when for any cause it has to be thus suddenly broken up for several weeks. I feel sure that the patrons of the Bible School will appreciate the point I am making, and I confidently appeal to them for help against similar trouble in future. There is far too much at stake in this seminary for training native helpers for all branches of our missionary work, to leave it thus so largely dependent upon the health and strength of a single individual, hence I speak plainly in the hope that in the early future, additional teaching and governing force may be secured.

THE SCHOOL.—There have been twenty-two men in the school this year, and for the first time there have been the full number of classes, five in all, that is four of the regular course and the lower class for men fitting for this, and for those taking a partial course. There being no school-house, my own bungalow has been used as before, and this year, my family being in America, our largest room has been the chapel, and it has also served as a hall for all general exercises, and the recitation-room for the Sanscrit classes. My own classes have come to me in my study, and the verandas have been used for the other classes. Our teaching in this way is, of course, open to many interruptions, still it is the best we can do until we have the promised hall. We shall, however, wait with exemplary patience for this, indeed we shall not once ask for it, even if every room in the bungalow, and all the verandas and the shade trees of the garden, too, be required for classrooms, until *the men*, long needed and often prayed for, come from America to occupy the important points in our wide and needy field that have waited long for help.

The seniors have been studying the poetical and prophetic books of the Old Testament. Though English and Sanscrit have been continued this year, the Bible has been their chief book, and I have been highly pleased with their devotion to it. Instruction in Homiletics has been imparted, as last year, and I have had a brief course of lectures on Pastoral Theology for the seniors and the men of the partial course who were to leave us this year.

As in former years, the wives of the men, together with a few other women, have been taught in the afternoon school. Miss Coombs has rendered much assistance in this department, and the Hindu pundits who have taught the secular subjects in the men's classes have attended to the same in the afternoon. There have been two pupil-teachers this year, and both have worked in the afternoon school, Sachidánanda Rái giving the Bible lessons, and Joseph Fullonton taking up some of the secular subjects. As a rule, the pundits have given me great satisfaction by their faithfulness, but the classes in this school have been considerably broken up by the absence of the women, owing to illness or family cares. Notwithstanding these, however, some of the women have made commendable progress in study, and their final examinations proved cheering and gave promise of better work in the future. Three pupils, two of them wives of our students, have honorably com-

pleted the course of study adopted for school and zenana teachers.

The Students' Literary Society has been well sustained and the debates and other exercises proved instructive and stimulating. The Cary Missionary Society has held on its way, and its monthly meetings have been a blessing to the school. The English service has been more helpful this year than ever before to the school, and the attendance has greatly improved, native gentlemen from the town and students from the three English schools coming in larger numbers and more regularly than in previous years. Mr. Griffin has assisted me much in this service, and but for his timely aid I fear I could not have carried it on.

A new feature this year has been special lectures by brethren from other places. Mr. Burkholder gave the men several brief addresses on Sunday School work, and the Rev. Isaac Allen, M. A., of the English Baptist Mission, Calcutta, gave us a course of lectures on Mohammedanism, taking up its history, its contrasts and resemblances to Christianity, its objections to the Christian faith and how to meet these, and how preach to Mussulmans. The students were wonderfully interested in Mr. Allen's addresses, and have derived important hints that will be of service to them in their future work.

GOSPEL WORK BY THE MEN.—As indicated in former reports the men have been carrying on evangelistic work while prosecuting their Bible studies. The Santal students have aided me much in conducting the Santal service on Sabbath mornings, and this year four of the men have assisted in the Bengali service at the chapel. The Sunday-School work spoken of in previous reports has been faithfully followed up, and had cheering growth this year. The Sunday School teachers' class has been of great service in conducting this department, and I wonder how Sunday Schools get on without this. It brings the men together weekly to be examined on the lesson of the following Sabbath, to report the attendance of the past Sabbath, to discuss ways and means for improving the schools in the bazars and villages where they go to teach, and pray for God's blessing on the work. I am sure our Sunday-School work in the city of Midnapore could not be carried on efficiently without this weekly meeting of teachers.

THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS.—The event of the year has been the graduation of our first class of seven men, four

of whom have completed the full course of study. The other three have taken a partial course, being men whose age and lack of early training preclude them doing more in the school.

On Wednesday, Dec. 3d, the public exercises of the graduating class were held at the Mission chapel. The four men of the full course, delivered addresses, and the three others read essays upon the topics indicated below :

The "Work of the Holy Spirit," Benjamin Bacheler; the "Offence of the Cross in India," Abraham Das; "Lessons from Christ's Resurrection," Priyanath Saren; "Prophecy Fulfilled by Cyrus," Joseph White; the "Object of Sunday Schools," Dharma Hásdâ; the "New Birth," Nabakumâr Kar; the "Independence of the Native Church," Jhâmpad Sántrâ.

These exercises being held just before the Annual Conference of the Mission, friends from all sections of our field were present, and the occasion was one of rejoicing and good cheer. The men acquitted themselves well, and their words awakened interest and promise in the minds of the audience.

In conclusion, I would tender our hearty thanks to our kind patrons in America and India, for the generous and timely aid rendered us during this year. Beside the regular quarterly remittances, that have brought us the installments of interest on the Bible School endowment at home, we have received thirty dollars from ladies of the Mt. Vernon Church, Lowell, Mass., for the support of a student, and sixty-one dollars from other friends in America, for the Memorial Hall.

JAS. L. PHILLIPS, *Principal.*

MIDNAPORE, BENGAL.

THE way in which the native Christians of India speak of Christ shows that they lay hold upon him as a present help.

In that country a burden is almost invariably carried upon the head; and if very heavy, it is almost impossible for the burden-bearer to lift it to its place herself; some friend must help her. So when the burden is once raised, she dare not lay it down, because she is not able to lift it up again. Therefore we often see by the roadside two rough slabs of stone driven into the earth, about the height of a woman's head, with another slab laid across the top. The weary one can draw near this stone, transfer her load to this support, and rest her aching head and neck.

This they use as a figure of Christ, calling him "the Stone that bears the burden." — *Miss Pollock in Miss. Herald.*

Correspondence.

[FROM MISS IDA PHILLIPS.]

THE RICE TRADE.

AT home, the raw, cold March winds are howling about you, keeping up that restless rattle among the shutters that I used to dislike so much. Streets are slushy, and trees still bare. Here, we are enjoying the most beautiful summer weather. Our English rulers are wonderful road-makers, so our well-settled streets are dry and hard as a floor. The cold season wept most copious showers at parting this year, so the grass is a vivid green, gardens are resplendent with choice roses, beautiful red and white lilies, gay-colored coleus and crotons, and wonderful varieties of pinks, balsams, daisies, and nasturtiums ran their course, while your gardens were under December and January snows.

The trees are covered with dense foliage. The prevailing dark-green is varied, here and there, by the delicate tints of the tender peepul leaves just coming out. Our principal street is bordered by fine old banyans and poplars, whose branches meet in many places and form complete arches over the road. They are full of birds, incessantly chattering, chirping and twittering, making the best apology they can for the songs they don't know how to sing. Monkeys, too, great gray, black-faced fellows, go leaping through the compound in great numbers, as unconcerned as only monkeys can be, and happy as the rest of animal kind. They make themselves far too happy in our gardens. Egg-plants, peas, and beans are favorite vegetables of theirs.

The rice crop has been very good this year, but the dawning hopes of cheap living for the poor have been speedily cut off by the continually returning schooners from the South, and the coasting steamers from Calcutta, which have taken away the produce as fast as it could be harvested. The all-absorbing business of Balasore for the past two and a half months has been the rice trade. Streets have been crowded with pack oxen and ox carts, loaded with the precious material. Roads usually forsaken are deep-furrowed and heavy with dust. Temporary granaries, mud-walled and thatch-roofed, have sprung up like mushrooms. In the quietest parts of the town were to be seen the tall, keen-eyed

Parsee, and the dark, gaily-dressed Madrasee dealers, both so different from the Oriyas. In poor and middle class dwellings resounded the dull thud of the persistent dhenkis, worked by the women, pounding the rice out of its tightly clinging husk. In many of my sister zenanas, the oft-repeated excuse for failures and bad lessons was, rice to be pounded out. The most amusing feature of the business, from an American point of view, was restaurants and grocery stores that accompanied granaries. For these, no houses were needed. Four stakes, driven in the ground, forming a seven feet square, covered by the lightest possible bamboo frame, and overspread with date leaves, served every purpose. Stock in trade consisted of various preparations of popped rice and sweetmeats, made of flour, sugar, curd, and melted butter. The groceries comprised rice, various sorts of peas, parched and broken, ready for cooking, spices, oil, butternuts and pan leaves. All were displayed in open baskets or earthen vessels, placed upon a mat on the ground, ready to catch their full share of the cloud of dust constantly rising. For three or four cents a man can buy an ample bunch of popped rice and sweetmeats, which he will receive in the corner of the cloth that forms his sole garment, get a lot of water from a tank near by, and take his refreshments in the shade of a tree.

Some of the boys from my Hindu children's Sunday School were employed to tend these little stalls, and were not allowed to come to Sunday School for several weeks. The great rush is over. Many of the granaries are already deserted, and of the restaurants and groceries, not a vestige remains.

The astonishing feature of this trade is, that so large a business can be carried on with such insignificant means. The rice is largely raised in little patches of ground, hardly large enough for a respectable front yard. A man that cultivates eighteen or twenty acres is looked upon as having a large farm. No machinery is anywhere employed. The grain is cut by the handful, carried to the threshing-floors on men's heads or the backs of oxen, threshed either by hand or trampled by oxen, and creeps to town by means of the ever present, much enduring oxen, quantities varying from four to twenty-five bushels. It is husked by women, three of whom will work over about forty pounds in a day. It comes together at length, and leaves by the steamer-load, as innu-

merable little rills from the Himalayas gather and form at last the great Ganges River.

Not long ago, of a Sunday, I was hardly able to find one of the boys belonging in the school. After a good deal of hunting, one turned up and told me, most complacently, that I wouldn't be able to persuade any one to attend that day. Every one was busy with the weddings that were going on. It was just after one of their marrying months, and the lengthy ceremonials were not yet completed. Noticing that he was rather more tidy than usual, I asked, Are you being married? "Yes," quite composedly he said. Noting his seeming unconcern, I asked if he couldn't come for an hour. "Not to-day," very decidedly. "You will come next time?" "Oh, yes." And with that the little bridegroom ran off to play. He was about thirteen years old, I fancy, and was enjoying his holiday fun.

The bountiful supply of picture cards which came out in the boxes sent by Mr. George were just in time. My stock was about exhausted.

The tiny little slate that came in the box from Centre Sandwich, I think, has found its mission. A widow's child, in the school that Susanna used to teach, was doing nicely in reading, but had fallen behind in writing, for want of a slate, and her mother was too poor to buy it for her, so I remembered the little one from home and sent it to her. She appreciated it very much, and is making good use of it.

One more school has been adopted by the Honey Creek Q. M. S., of Wisconsin. I haven't now a school left, but expect to open a new one soon.

BALASORE, March 15, 1885.

[FROM MRS. LIGHTNER.]

EARTH'S LOSS — HEAVEN'S GAIN.

In addition to the severe loss sustained by the school and church in the death of the Rev. J. D. Veney, we have still more recently witnessed the triumphant ending of a very useful life. Mrs. Bettie Poles died May 12, of pneumonia. For more than twenty years she has lived very near Harper's Ferry. She was here to welcome the pioneer teachers of the Shenandoah Mission, who so bravely and faithfully prepared the ground and scattered the first seed.

As one of the original members of the Harper's Ferry

church, her devoted Christian life has been a support from the beginning. Deeply interested in missions, she has been president of the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary for four years, to which she gave as much time as the care of a family of small children would permit. The deceased is a sister of the Rev. H. E. Keyes, who was with her in her last days, and in preceding days of trial during the lingering illness and death of her eldest son.

To a family of orphaned younger brothers and sisters she had given a mother's care. The loss of such a mother to her own little flock of six can scarcely be measured.

The community has lost one who had a special genius for visiting the sick and destitute, one whose generous heart prompted her to work far beyond her strength in caring for the distressed, to whom she never forgot to whisper the story of the Cross, and tell of the goodness of her Saviour. Earth has lost a choice spirit, heaven has gained one more conqueror through Him who died for us.

HARPER'S FERRY, May 14.

[FROM A TEACHER.]

AN INTERESTING PUPIL.

An incident occurred in one of our classes this morning interesting in itself, and in the lesson it teaches of the way seeds of truth are carried by the children. The class was reading from a Sabbath School paper. We use them a good deal for supplementary reading. The lesson chanced to be upon the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The teacher, having in mind the custom which prevails in the south, of cooking the best dinner on Sunday, addressed to the class the question whether there was not a good deal of work done on the Sabbath that ought to be done Saturday. One bit of a girl, an orphan, said she told Cousin Rachel (with whom she lives) she ought not to cook on Sunday, — she ought to cook everything on Saturday.

One of the coldest mornings of our unusually severe winter this little girl came into her class, being too late for chapel exercises, with little bare hands so cold that the tears couldn't be kept back. While the teacher, was using means to restore the little hands to their natural temperature, the brain was no less busy devising ways to prevent a recurrence of the child's suffering. Our treasures from bar-

rels and boxes had already been searched in vain for mittens or gloves, as they are all called here. Some mittens must be cut and made before the children went home (a sister a little older was also bare-handed, but a little hardier). It would be good work for the sewing-class. But when the time came, one after another wished to be excused to attend the inquiry meeting, which was going on in another room; of course, such a request could not be denied, as it was when our revival was at its height, till not one was left to assist. But dexterity of fingers, that came of early training, served the teacher in good stead, and the two children next went into the cold with hands well protected by wool that had come from some benevolent worker in the far North.

When they came to the class next morning, with smiles instead of tears, the older one said, "Aunt Jenny" (with whom she lives) "says she is very much obliged for the gloves." The little one made use of the same words, the only variation being, — Cousin Rachel, her foster-mother, instead of Aunt Jenny.

But that wasn't the end of it. The teacher, in the course of that morning's recitation, saw the little hand more than once bring from the pocket, just far enough so the bright eyes could see, the precious mittens wrapped in the handkerchief so securely that the corner must be lifted every time for the gratifying peep. Once the sister was invited by a nudge of the elbow to share the look.

This class, in the Third Reader, is such a one as we always want our friends from the North to see, a representative class, at least such a one as you would find in no northern school. While these little girls represented *one* extreme, at the *other* were several men (one of whom could hardly be called a young man), and between all ages and sizes. While more advanced classes make the quarter part of the school, more and more, every year, these are the ones that call out most the sympathy and missionary spirit.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va., May 5, 1885.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head!"

"We Are to Build a Church."

[The experience at Lydia, here related, is not a solitary one, it is to be hoped. By the reading a faithful missionary may find encouragement even though his way be hedged about, and hope not bright. The friends of church extension will see a picture of what may result from their effort to provide opportunities for gospel preaching.]

THERE was a tall, tower-like chimney stretching up from the great smelter towards the sky, and while clear Colorado sunlight lay on the wide plains eastward and wrapped the wonderful mountains to the west, the group of buildings at Lydia often crept within its own cloud of smoke. Few families lived near except such as ate their bread from this industry; and no schools had yet been opened for the children, who played in troops about small, unfenced houses.

A little way off lay the city, — the proud, beautiful city, beautiful as money and taste and bountiful nature could make it in twenty-five short years; proud of its beauty and taste and mountain panorama; proud, too, of its smelters, the largest in all the world, and of the gold and silver ore, for which they were built. They thought of the gold and silver ore — these folks in the city — but not many thought of the children whose fathers and brothers worked there.

Four people of missionary spirit rode out one day to see if there was any spot to gather in these little ones, and talk to them of Christ. No room to be found. Nothing but the huge smelter and the small homes. But the Sunday-school missionary had been praying about it, and he said to the church missionary: "I cannot give it up. How shall these children love the blessed Lord unless they know him? No, I cannot give it up."

Then somebody thought a bright thought. A tent! There should be a tent! and the city pastor said some of his young people should come out and teach (though he needed them at home sorely), and the pastor's wife had that look come into her face which one might have who had peeped through a rift of the mountain-cloud, and had seen a bit of paradise. So the Sunday School was begun — begun in the hearts of the four — and they turned back home.

There was work after this; but before long the ground had been leased, and the tent hired and "pitched," and every Sunday saw more and more children gathered to learn God's ways and will. Pretty soon a city missionary, one

who could be more among the people, came to preach to them, and a church was organized in the little tent near the smelter. Then followed winter, and everybody feared it was too cold to go on with the services any longer. They must wait till warm weather. They were very sorry, but, as they talked it over at a meeting in the tent, they were of one mind; they must wait till it was warmer. Just then somebody spoke in a sort of half-frightened voice, and every one looked to see who it was. It was only a boy, one of the scholars.

"I don't think it will be too cold," he said; "can't we fix it up so it won't be too cold?"

It was "fixed up." The school went on; while every now and then some one joined the little church in the tent.

One Sunday the church missionary went into the pulpit of a straight, old-fashioned church in a New England village. He was there to tell the people of his general work in the New West, and of how it widened and deepened, and seemed only to need more grand men and women, and more consecrated money, to carry it on. Some one came in and handed him his mail, letters from beautiful Colorado. One was from the Sunday-school missionary; and if God had not been in all his heart-throbs he could hardly have preached that day. For this is what it said: "A gale has thrown down our tent at Lydia, and has torn things all to pieces, things for which you know we are in debt. God is good, but there is no place for us, and what, *what are we to do?*"

The church missionary looked from the letter over his quiet, staid New England audience. But his eyes saw something else,—the children of Lydia roaming about once more with no place where they might make Sunday a blessing, and the prone, dismantled tent. His sermon on the general work might be ever so important, but he could not preach it to-day. He just told the story to the people before him. And the next day he telegraphed back to the Sunday-school missionary, to him whose faith had begun the enterprise, "We are to build a church."

The canvas walls gave place to solid brick. Clouds of smelter smoke rolled from the great chimney, quite clearing the neat little church, which, thanks to warm hearts and ready hands East and West, and to the generosity of the smelter company, was dedicated to God without the incubus

of debt. The city missionary, now its pastor, has welcomed many repentant souls inside the church; and the Sunday School overflows the building Sunday by Sunday.

Just one year from the time that the four rode out to see if there was any work they could do for God at Lydia, the debt-free church was dedicated, and the joyful sacrament of the Lord's Supper was partaken of. Nearly all the children of the Sunday School remained at this service, and at its close a thank-offering was taken up. Everybody gave something (though there was not a rich person there), for hadn't they very much to be thankful for?

Nothing in all this true recital is more interesting than to know for what object the thank-offering was taken. Not for the church nor Sunday-school missionaries, though their salaries were small; not for the pastor, though it didn't seem as if he had much but faith to live on; not to carpet the new church, though even its aisles were bare; not as a relief fund for the Sunday-school children, though some of them were patched and patched—it was given as a “nest-egg” for a fund to start a new mission down on “the bottoms” of the city, in a place where thousands of men and women and neglected little ones know and care nothing for the future that the Saviour lived and died to give them. That was what the thank-offering was for.

Wouldn't you think the volumes of black smoke from the chimney's throat would roll away over without touching the little brick church of Lydia? — *Sunday School Times*.

The Quilting Army.

“COULD you not organize a quilting army all over the land? I have received some ten names pledging two quilts each, equivalent to \$5.00 each, making \$50 for India for this year, God willing.” This message came some days since from Mrs. Reeder, of Ohio, who is much interested in this method of obtaining money for missionary purposes. It is certainly a most legitimate way, in which many can unite, and has our most hearty indorsement. Mrs. Reeder has carefully estimated the income financially, and puts it down thus in the *Morning Star* of Feb. 19th: If the women in fifteen hundred churches should make two quilts a year, at a value of \$2.50 each, the result would be \$7,500, two thousand five hundred

more than this society raised last year. This is worthy of considering, and now Mrs. Ramsey, our home secretary, who understands how to make nice quilts if any one does, as well as to write poems out of her great heart, and give suggestions from her thoughtful head, sends these words about the army:

Who will join the quilting army? or rather, who will not join it? This army of peaceful, humble workers may do more to bless the world and honor God than all the vast and costly armies and navies that England and Russia are preparing for bloody strife. This is one of the many ways in which we may, if we will, help forward the cause of Christ. Where is the church so small or so poor that the women cannot do as much as make a quilt, or its equivalent in some other way, for the especial purpose of sending the gospel to those who are in darkness? Let the quilting army move on, and while busy fingers ply the needle, let hearts go up to God in prayer—prayer for the laborers in the field, prayer that their strength and number may be greatly increased, and that they may all be “endowed with power from on high.”

Now, that “the ball is in motion,” let the army be recruited at once, with Mrs. Reeder for the captain. Let all names of those who will enlist for enrollment, be sent to Mrs. F. Reeder, Auburn, Ohio. Next month a quilting-song is promised, and “How a Quilt Helped a Missionary.”

SOME who are looking about for vacation work, or to fill up leisure minutes, will find a suggestion in the communication from Harper's Ferry. The mittens can be knitted by those, too, whose eyes are too dim to sew, and while the quilters are merry the grandmothers can be happy.

NOT for itself it comes, the spring's fair greenness,
The fruit and beauty of the summer's life,
But that, far off in autumn's ripened keenness,
Our barns with grain and fruitage may be rife.

Not to themselves they live, the golden sunshine,
The myriad marvels of earth, sea, and air;
The teeming life of forest, hill, and prairie,
Each ministers to each, and everywhere.

—*At the Beautiful Gate.*

A Word with Our Home Workers.

OUR PAYMENTS.

MEETING our faithful treasurer a few days ago, she said to me, "Money is coming in slowly, so slowly that I fear we may not be able to make our payments promptly." I said, this being so, our sisters ought to be apprised of the fact; and it is to bring this fact to your notice that I write this.

You know what *this means*. If our treasurer has not the money necessary, our weary, overburdened laborers in the field cannot be paid the small sum we have promised them. I believe, dear sisters, that you do not intend this shall ever happen, and that being forewarned of the danger, you will prevent it. But this is individual work, and we must each one of us see that we are not responsible for such a failure. Perhaps many of you whom I address have paid your regular contributions to the work; but are you sure this is all you can do? Let us talk plainly with our consciences. We *need* many things, we *want many* things, but what is it that we need most of all? Is it the raiment for our bodies, and the bread that perisheth, or is it the spiritual adorning that comes from the indwelling spirit of Christ, the bread from heaven, and the water whereof if a man drink he shall never die? But what do we crave most? What is that thing of which we cannot be denied? Is it any of these blessings that minister to our physical comfort? Truly they are very valuable, and it may be that we are not called, like so many of the saints and martyrs of old, to give them up. But do we love these things more than we love Christ and His cause? Must we, and will we, have everything that our appetite and our fancy clamor for, while the work of saving the world, the work to which our Lord made the costly contribution of His life, languishes and fails for the want of our help? We shall surely use the means in our hands for that which we desire most. How many of us are ready to say: Rather than there shall be any want in the treasury of the Lord, I will deny myself something which I have hoped to have—something which I desire less than the glory of Him who has redeemed me. Oh, do not let us forget that the Master has placed us under the law of self-denial. "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself." Let us see to it that our treasury is replenished speedily, and that it is kept so full that year by year we may increase our work.

REPORTS FOR THE YEAR.

There is another matter of which I wish to speak to you ; that is in regard to the reports for this year. It is humiliating to us that we cannot have complete reports, as the women's societies of other denominations have. The Yearly Meetings are soon coming on. Let me beg of every secretary of an Auxiliary to send her report to the Q. M. Secretary, at the Q. M. preceding the Y. M. The proper form of this report will be found in the Manual, which we hope may be widely circulated. Let your report state at least the number of your members, the amount of money raised, and the numbers in the Children's Band. These are the most important facts. Let the Q. M. secretaries use these reports to make a report to the Y. M. secretary, at the Y. M. The form of this report is also in the Manual.

These reports the Y. M. secretaries can use to make out the annual report to the home secretaries, which should be forwarded as early as the third week in September.

There was an oversight in making out the form of report for the Y. M. secretaries, which we hope these secretaries will remember. Besides the items mentioned, these Yearly Meeting reports should contain the names of the presidents and secretaries of the Quarterly Meeting societies.

If there are any Auxiliaries which are not connected with any Q. M. or Y. M. Society, let them report directly to the home secretary of the district to which they belong. We want to be able in the annual report to state how many Auxiliaries and Children's Bands there are in each Q. M., and how many members in these auxiliaries and bands, and how much money has been raised.

Those of us who have read Miss Coombs' letter in the May HELPER must feel that instead of lessening our efforts, we must do a great deal more for our Indian field. Those villages and villages, with their thousands and millions, call us, and shame us with their long neglected condition. Let us be up and doing.

V. G. RAMSEY, *Home Secretary.*

New Organizations.

AUXILIARIES. — Block Island, R. I. Elk River, Minnesota, organized by Mrs. A. A. McKinney, 18 members. Mrs. M. H. Tarbox, president.

Personal Items.

It seems that the Rev. Mr. Coldren and his wife have made no delay to go to Chandboli, and to start the work there. The Rev. Mr. Stacey, the corresponding secretary, says: "Plans for a house are drawn, and it will probably be advanced as fast as possible. The house will cost two thousand dollars, and a special effort must be made to raise the money." Of course all will help, that this inviting station be fully made ready in all possible ways for accomplishing the ends sought.

REV. Mr. George is looking after the mission press-work, while attending to his studies, and Mrs. George is taking hold of Industrial school work with real enthusiasm and efficiency.

ONE of the most valuable native workers, Solomon Nayak, the pastor of the Balasore church, has recently died, of whom it is said by a missionary: "His character was above reproach."

REV. Mr. Brackett, the Principal of Storer College, has issued a four-page attractive leaflet, giving the reason for the need of the existence of this valuable institution, and briefly mentioning its history. It should be widely read, and this class of literature be more abundant.

OUR thanks are most heartily expressed to the Rev. Mr. Cox, of Hampton, Va., for his kind endorsement of this publication in *The Free Baptist Herald*, which he so devotedly conducts. His enthusiasm for this "beautiful and excellent woman's magazine" finds expression in three hundred and twenty names which he sends for sample copies.

FOR long weeks, Mrs. Hutchins Hills, the dear mother of us all, has been sorely afflicted with inflammation of the eyes. She has felt the deprivation of their use the more keenly because of the preparation of "Reminiscences of our India Mission," in which she is most devotedly engaged. The manuscript is now completed and the work partially through the press.

The Manual.

MRS. Ramsey, one of our home secretaries, says: "I wish the sisters would send for a number of Manuals, and pay for them and sell them, thus bearing a little of the responsibility."

Dear sisters, send along your fifty cents for a half-dozen Manuals to sell at the Quarterly Meeting. Especially is this addressed to presidents and secretaries of Quarterly Meetings.

There is no danger of their not selling, judging from experience at the Weare (N. H.) Quarterly Meeting, for a few words in the public congregation in regard to it brought forward a dozen subscribers immediately.

Please let us hear from you. "Nothing venture, nothing have."

M. S. WATERMAN.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

THE Woman's Missionary Society of the Anson Quarterly Meeting held a public service Saturday evening, March 14, in connection with the Quarterly Meeting at the church in Kingfield, President, Mrs. E. H. Butts, in the chair. The following programme was presented: Scripture reading by the president; prayer by the Rev. G. W. Colby; singing by the young people; secretary's report; reading missionary poem, Abbie Lord; Missionary exercise, by nine little girls; singing; a poem, "The World for Christ," Lydia Lord; recitation, "What a Little Child can do," Myra Wilkins. "The Little Red Box" was spoken very beautifully by little Carrie M. Forbes, after which she passed around and took up the collection, amounting to \$3.20. Singing, "Oh, Where are the Reapers."

LYDIA LORD, *Secretary*.

The following resolutions were passed by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Vienna Church, Jan. 28, 1885:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us our worthy Vice-President, Mrs. M. L. Neal; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Our Divine Maker, we will ever cherish the memory of our departed sister; that we, the members of this society, realize that by her death we have lost an efficient worker in the cause of missions, and an earnest and consistent Christian.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy be, and is, hereby tendered to the deeply afflicted husband and the entire family, in this, the greatest of all earthly losses; praying that God will sustain and comfort them in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, entered upon the record book of this society, and be sent to the MISSIONARY HELPER for publication.

Mrs. M. J. LORD,

Mrs. A. A. KIMBALL,

Committee on Resolutions.

A young friend writing in regard to plans of work says: "I hope some one will think of a very good and successful way of organizing a Quilting Army. For I am sure every dollar sent to India does untold good. No doubt there are people who will be glad to do something in that way, who couldn't or wouldn't (would there were no such word as the latter) give money. May God speed the day when more people may be *glad* to give to help this great part of God's work." And the editor wishes there were hundreds more young women who think just as this friend does.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A friend asking for a copy of *Progress of Christian Missions* says: "And let me tell you that my interest has grown almost to enthusiasm during the year. Would that I could *do* more." This is just the progress that is needed all through our departments. Do not be afraid of being too enthusiastic.

RHODE ISLAND.

The recent quarterly convention of the Woman's Missionary Society of Rhode Island District, convened with the Auxiliary of the Greenwich Street Church, Providence, R. I.

The afternoon session was quite well attended, representatives of many of the churches being present. Aside from the usual items of business, the interest of the session was directed to a Bible reading, given by Mrs. E. S. Burlingame. Mrs. Dr. Phillips being present, was invited to address the convention, but feeling unable to do more, responded with a few earnest remarks.

At the close of the afternoon session, hearty greetings were exchanged, when the company were invited to a bountiful repast, served in the vestry by the members of the Auxiliary.

The main features of the evening session were an address by Dr. Bacheler and the reading of a letter written by Mrs. Dr. Phillips. Before the close of the session, the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Ricker, was invited to indorse the work of the convention, which he did very grandly. And not only this, but he exhorted the people to a deeper interest and more zealous labor in the cause of missions.

At the close of the evening session a collection was taken, which amounted to ten dollars (\$10), and which the ladies of the Rhode Island district would cheerfully acknowledge.

The spirit of the convention was decidedly aggressive. Each speaker seemed to be thrilled with the needs of the mission interest.

Mrs. Burlingame very clearly presented the fullness of the plan of salvation; the commission given to the church relative to the fulfillment of that plan; and the consequent obligation resting upon the church, which she cannot throw off if she would. And, in view of this obligation, it was urged that we be not idle, but earnest and active to meet it.

Dr. Bacheler's report of the needs of the India field was very stirring.

Mrs. Phillips' call for immediate and increased effort on the part of the ladies of the Rhode Island Association was both earnest and inspiring. And so the calls came in from one and from all; for more interest, more work; for more money and more missionaries. And these calls are not confined to the work of the Rhode Island district; but are coming in through the *HELPER* and the *Star* from all quarters of our field, to all our missionary bodies, and to the people at large.

What shall be said of such a dearth of means and workers? The calls are before us. We cannot be ignorant if we would. Now

arises the question, how shall these calls be answered? In reply let us all examine both head and heart, and discover if we are intelligent, interested and active.

Should it be found that any of us are lacking in these essential points—let us arise. And should the call for renewed interest and increased action ring loudly in our ears, may we not be slow to answer,—“Lord, Here am I. Send me.”

ELLA EVANS, *Corresponding Secretary.*

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WISCONSIN.

Last May, one year ago, the women of the Rock and Dane Quarterly Meeting organized a Woman's Missionary Society, Mrs. Alice L. Hulce, president; Mrs. O. Osborne, secretary; Mrs. Marshall, treasurer. We have had two meetings; but we are very much scattered, and at present most of the churches are without pastors; still we are trying to do a little. The Johnstown church has a woman's society nearly as old as any in the denomination. April 15, our dear Brother R. Cooley was laid to rest, by sorrowing friends, in the cemetery at Johnstown, Rock County, Wis. How we shall miss him! Ever ready to do and give; willing to spend and be spent. We feel as though *our* loss is great, *his gain* is greater. Mrs. Cooley will go to Nebraska to live with their only child, Henry. It will be a long while before we shall recover from the blow; but God knows best. Our tears fall, our hearts are sad, and we wonder upon whom will his mantle fall. The Wisconsin Quarterly Meeting have decided to support Brother Coldren, and, if possible, his wife, so we shall have to make every effort to advance the cause.

ALICE L. HULCE.

It is quite a year since we organized our little missionary society, and all, I think, feel to take fresh courage to do what we can to send the “Bread of Life” to the perishing. It is so glorious that we are parts of one great whole, helping to build the same temple, the lowliest gifts with the loftiest serving the same purpose, and Jesus in the midst of all, noticing all. Let us thank God, again and again, that we have this high privilege of working together and with Him.

We held our first public meeting during the February session of our Quarterly Meeting, Sunday afternoon, the 15th. The exercises were opened with singing by the choir, which was followed by prayer, offered by the Rev. James Boyd. A Bible reading was then conducted by the secretary in answer to the question: What upholds all missionary work? Singing, “Over the Ocean Wave”; reading, “Love the Principal God-given Grace Upholding Missionary Work,” by Miss Lizzie Higday; reading, “The Progress of Missions”; remarks by the Rev. J. G. Peterson, on Home and Foreign work; recitation, “There was no Gospel There,” by the secretary; singing, “I gave my Life for Thee”; remarks by the Rev. James Boyd, on Woman's Work. The “Little Red Box” was recited, which pleased all present—collection, \$3. The meeting closed by singing, “Bringing in the Sheaves.”

JENNIE WHITE, *Secretary.*

MINNESOTA.

The committee of the Crystal Lake Missionary Society, consisting of Mrs. M. A. Russ, Mrs. A. A. Kirkwood, Mrs. M. E. Stillman, and Mrs. L. A. Shumway, appointed to express the sentiments of the society on the death of Mrs. C. L. Russel, an honored member of that organization, presented the following report at its last session :

Whereas, In the providence of our Heavenly Father, our beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. C. L. Russel, has been removed from her cherished home and loving friends, to go in and out with us no more forever; and,

Whereas, We, the members of the Missionary Society of Crystal Lake, are thus deprived of her cheerful presence and helpful counsel; therefore,

Resolved, That in her death we lose one of our most faithful and spiritual workers in the missionary cause.

Resolved, That in consideration of this, our mutual sorrow, we extend to her bereaved husband and relatives our sincere sympathy and love, trusting that the same faith that sustained her in her severe suffering, may uphold them in this time of grievous affliction.

Resolved, That in imitating her cheerful spirit, and her deep, abiding trust, we will be faithful in doing "whatsoever our hand findeth to do," knowing that "after labor cometh rest."

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Free Baptist* and *HELPER*; also, that a copy be sent to her afflicted husband.

Topic for Monthly Meeting.

WHEREFORE? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by works. Rom. 9, 32.

WANTED.—More laborers for India. Legacies with which to build Memorial Hall at Midnapore for the Bible school, in memory of the Rev. Jeremiah Phillips. Thirty individuals, or churches, or societies to take \$25 shares in the repairing of Lincoln Hall at Harper's Ferry, and give names to rooms. Persons to contribute to a literature or publication fund. More workers who feel the need of the Manual, and one thousand immediate subscribers to this publication. Prayerful, candid attention is asked for each of these worthy objects.

BUREAU OF EXCHANGE.—For the excellent helps in care of this department notice the addresses. For dialogues, essays, poems, etc., send to Miss Kate J. Anthony, 40 Summer Street, Providence, R. I. For letters from the missionaries, Miss M. M. Bisbee, 1 Kendall Street, Providence, R. I.



Children's Niche.

Making Things Go God's Way.

"I think 't will be nice, dear mother,"
Said gentle Maggie, one night,
"When we are dead and cold and still,
And they 've buried us out of sight,
To be one of Christ's ministering spirits,
Who see Him night and day,
And come sometimes to this dear old
world,
To make things go God's way."

Ah, darling! with thoughts so tender,
You need not wait till then;
For the Lord has ministering service
For even a child of ten.
Before your hands are folded,
And eyes shut out from the day.
Before we cry, "Dear Maggie is dead,"
You can make things go God's way.

Whenever you make the sunshine
On a darkened face to break;
Whenever a self-denial
For another's sake you make;
When'er, for the souls of the wander-
ing,
In Jesus' name you pray,
You are being a ministering spirit,
And making things go God's way.

The world is full of children
Who have never heard of His love.
Can you nothing do to lead them
To the better home above?
With sad and darkened faces,
To some idol god they pray.
Oh, tell them the story of Jesus,
And make things go God's way!

— Selected.

Esther Ellis's Six Dollars.

ESSIE ELLIS was busy in the great low kitchen, over which in summer the elm trees threw their shadow, and the roses peeped in at open doors and windows, and shook into the cozy old kitchen a perfect flood of perfume. But now it was cold, gray February, and the elm trees stretched bare, gaunt arms above the eaves. Still there was a delicious spicy odor wafted all around that big kitchen. It made Essie think of the missionary hymn, as she stood there with her great white apron and hands powdered with the flour she was measuring so carefully. Essie had a great deal to think of

that afternoon; above all, she was thinking about her plan. It seemed a very long time since, one Sunday, after Sunday School, Miss Grey had said to her, "Essie dear, wait for me after Sabbath School; we will walk home together." Miss Grey had told her that away off in Philadelphia next April there was to be a missionary meeting, — meetings for big people, and one just especially for the boys and girls, — and that she was going as a delegate, to stay in the city four days. Now, didn't Essie think her mother could spare her to go, too? "For," added Miss Grey, "I should dearly love to have my little Sunday-school scholar with me."

How Essie's eyes danced! Three days in the great city! Three days alone with her dear Miss Grey! And then a meeting "just for children." "Oh, Miss Helen, if I only could!"

Mrs. Ellis smiled when she heard of the plan, and then looked sober.

"Essie, dear," said she, "I would like to have you go, but six dollars is a great deal when there is so little to take it from, you see."

"But oh, mamma, if I earned it!"

"If you *could* earn it, dear, then I would say 'go' at once."

"I can try, at least," said Essie. And she had tried.

Now, this afternoon, in the old kitchen, she was thinking how it had all "worked together" for her. First, there was Jessie Hill's aunt, who had admired Mrs. Ellis's feather fans so much that Essie made her one, and got fifty cents for it. That fifty cents went into a little black box in Essie's bureau drawer. Then Mrs. Deane had company from the city, and sent mischievous Tom down to Mrs. Ellis's to stay until they left. Essie patiently took care of the little fellow for two days, and Mrs. Dean had given her fifty cents more, which went into the black box, too.

The best way of all was the way which Mrs. Harlow, up on the hill, helped her. Mrs. Harlow's little girl came to Essie's school, and one day she came without any lunch, as it had been forgotten. All the girls were half afraid of stylish little Sadie Harlow; but Essie wasn't a bit afraid, and offered her half of her lunch at once. How Sadie seemed to enjoy the crisp brown ginger-snaps!

"I made those myself," said Essie, proudly.

"Did you? oh, how can you ever learn to do it?" asked gentle Sadie.

That was how this part of the plan began; and, three days afterwards, Mrs. Harlow's handsome carriage stood in front of the farm-house, and Mrs. Harlow said sweetly to Essie, "My dear, Sadie enjoyed your cakes so much the other day. Would you be willing to make some for me like them every week?"

"Would she be willing?" Oh! how she rejoiced when, every two weeks, she dropped the ginger-snap money into the box! And how full the box was!

Now, to-day, while Mrs. Harlow's cakes were baking cosily away in the oven, Essie had been thinking this all over, and looked up to greet her mother with a smile, as Mrs. Ellis came into the room with a cheerful, "Most done, daughter?"

"Yes, mother," said Essie, "and I was thinking," she went on, "if many of the boys and girls will have worked so hard to get to that meeting as I have done; for it is hard to bake *every* Saturday afternoon."

Ah, yes! boys and girls. Will you be as anxious to be at the meeting as little Essie Ellis?—*Children's Work for Children.*

For Children's Meetings.



ARE the boarding-schools the missionaries have in India like ours in this country? (Ans. No, they are very different. To begin with, the children are orphans, and have no other home, and they are really large families belonging to the missionaries; theirs to bring up, and educate, and care for wholly, till they are old enough to care for themselves.)

2. Do they live like the missionaries? Ans. Oh, no. They live like their own country people, in mud-houses, and eat the same kinds of food, in the same way, but their houses are in the same premises with the missionaries, and they are looked after every day and kept tidy.)

3. What kinds of food do they eat? (Ans. Rice, boiled, is the main thing, and it is astonishing what a big dishful

one person will eat at a meal. Then to eat with the rice they have some kind of greens or vegetables, and sometimes fish. These are cooked in a small quantity of ghee, clarified butter, or more commonly mustard-seed oil, over a very hot fire, and seasoned highly with spices, red pepper always being prominent. This delicious relisher is served in tiny quantities by the side of the huge pile of rice. They sit on the floor, and eat with their hands.)

4. Why do they eat with their fingers? (Ans. It is the custom of the country, and it does not look untidy. They have a deft nice way of shaping each mouthful in the palm of the right hand, before it is taken, and when the meal is over each one takes her dish to the table, or place where the water is, and washes them, both hand and dish, usually scouring the brass dish with a little earth mixed with the water.)

S. P. BACHELER.

Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 1, TO MAY 1, 1885.

MAINE.

Alfred & Humphrey, Church, for F. M.....	\$2 00
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	4 00
Gray, Church, for F. M.....	9 00
Lewiston, Auxiliary, Main street, \$1.13 Incidental Fund.....	19 57
North Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	5 25
Richmond Village, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary.....	5 50
Springvale, Willing Workers, Miss Ida Phillips' salary....	9 50
West Buxton, Auxiliary.....	4 50
West Lebanon, Auxiliary.....	5 20
West Lebanon, Mrs. Nathan Berry	1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Danville, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner's salary.....	5 00
Franklin Falls, Church, Mrs. Lightner's salary	7 10
Grantham, Mrs. Newton Clough.	1 00
Great Falls, Auxiliary, for teacher with Miss Coombs, towards L. M. of Mrs. F. H. Peckham.....	12 50
Northwood Ridge, Church, Mrs. C. K. Bean, for Bible reader at Midnapore.....	3 00
Pittsfield, Young People's Society, for Patna Bazar school.....	6 25
Rochester, Auxiliary, \$4.75 for school at Jellasure; \$.25 for Incidental Fund and toward L. M. of Mrs. E. P. Moulton	5 00

VERMONT.

Huntington Q. M., Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary...	18 00
North Danville, Auxiliary.....	15 00
St. Johnsbury, Auxiliary.....	10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn, Auxiliary, for general work	4 55
Taunton, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$3.50; for Miss Franklin's salary, \$3.50.	7 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Church, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$1.25; Miss Franklin's salary, \$1.25.....	2 50
Greenville, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$5.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$5.00.....	10 00
Pascoag, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$2.50; Miss Franklin's salary, \$2.50.....	5 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$6.25; Miss Franklin's salary, \$6.25.....	12 50

Pawtucket, Little Workers, Miss I. Phillips' salary, \$1.25; Ragged School, \$1.25.....	2 50
Providence, Auxiliary, Greenwich street, Miss H. Phillips' support	6 25
Providence, Cheerful Helpers, Greenwich Street, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$2.00 \$2.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$2.00.....	4 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Park street, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$3.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$3.00.....	6 00
Providence Little Helpers, Park St., Miss H. Phillips' support, \$.63; Miss Franklin's salary, \$.63.....	1 26
Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams, for Miss Franklin's salary	18 75
Providence, Busy Gleaners, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$18.75; Miss Franklin's salary \$18.75.....	37 50
Of Roger Williams money, \$20.00 is to constitute Miss Roby Parker L. M.....	
Tiverton, Church, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$5.00; Ragged School, \$1.00.....	6 00

NEW YORK.

New York, Willing Workers, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$3.13; Miss Franklin's salary, \$3.12.....	6 25
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ILLINOIS.

Prairie City, Auxiliary, for Julia with Miss Coombs.....	6 25
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MINNESOTA.

Castle Rock, Auxiliary, for Roman with Miss Coombs.....	12 50
Hennepin Q. M., Auxiliary, for home work.....	8 15
Pickwick, Mrs. C. L. Grannis, one-half each for H. M. and F. M.....	1 00

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

Frankfort, Auxiliary	50
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Miss Sallie Simms, for F. M.....	50
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Total, \$307 33

L. A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

DOVER, N. H.

